Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patricke* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is betweene us
Ore-master't as you may: and now good friends,
As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers
Give me one poore request.
Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.
Ham. Never make knowne what you have seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but swear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworne my Lord already:
Ham. Indeed upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost cries under the stage.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, saist thou so? art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Selleridge
Consent to sweare.
Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene,
Sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Hic & ubique, then wee'll shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe upon my sword:
Sweare by my sword.
Never to speake of this that you have heard.
Ghost. Sweare by his sword.
Ham. Well said old Mole, canst thou worke i'th earth so fast?

A wor-